

# The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 8.—Vol. XXV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1850.

{ PRICE THREEPENCE.  
{ STAMPED FOURPENCE.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THIS establishment will open with Weber's *Der Freischütz*, to-day three weeks. Formes will be the Caspar. The recitatives written by Berlioz, for Berlin, will be given. The substitution of *Der Freischütz* for *Gustave III.* is, we think, a decided mistake.

### STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

Op. 21 consists of another set of two impromptus on another melody of Henri Reber (*Deux Impromptus sur une melodie de Reber—Op. 21*)—"La Bergeronnette," a truly charming little pastoral. M. Stephen Heller's partiality to the melodies of Reber is fully excused by the specimens he has chosen for the basis of his caprices and impromptus. There is a freshness about them, which now-a-days is rare indeed. Perhaps "La Bergeronnette" is the best of the three. The theme is first given simply—as in the other pieces we have noticed—in the key of A major. The impromptus are both very short. The first is an *allegretto con moto* in the key of the melody, of which it is a beautiful development. The second, in F sharp minor, also an *allegretto con moto*, is more fantastic and capricious, more lengthened, interesting, and difficult to play. In both impromptus the pastoral style of the subject is well preserved, the gaiety of the first presenting a happy contrast to the melancholy of the last. In their way we know of nothing more attractive than these ingenious bagatelles, which have the merit of perfect originality.

Op. 24 is an agreeable trifle for young performers. (*Petit Bijou sur une romance de la Chaste Susanne*, Op. 24.) The *Chaste Susanne* is unknown to us. The name of the romance is "Hélas! comment dans ma jeune âme?" M. Heller has turned it into a sparkling little rondo in C major, extremely easy to execute. We recommend this strongly to all masters who have young pupils under their care.

Op. 25 is another short piece, but not so easy as the preceding one. (*La Kermesse—Danse Neerlandaise.*) It is a waltz movement in E major, a perfect gem in its way, full of pretty harmonies and graceful passages, as clever and as interesting as the best of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE PIANOFORTE PLAYING OF W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

Who hath not dreamed of bliss beyond the grave?  
Who hath not panted for diviner rest  
Than life's sweet slumber? who hath ceased to crave—  
(When love's quick thorns his quivering feet have prest  
Sprung midst her roses)—for that unknown shore  
Where life is love, and beauty fades no more!

But little such may muse as those who feel

After Eternity in Tone's pure art—

Who languish, thirstingly, until there steal

Some hint of Heaven from her ethereal heart

Into their's darkling—those with soul on fire,

Of love which only Music can inspire.

Let them hear *Thee*, who teachest—let them learn

The immortal, breathing forth in blissful woe

From thy deep touch—from hands which seem to yearn

After some string whose pulses should not flow

Out into silence—some rich instrument

With its vibrating answer never spent.

Thousands may be who listen, learning not

The burden of that never-wearying tale—

But here and there, some soul without the spot

Of worldly thought—whose cheek, like thine, is pale

With pathos of the spirit—heareth, faint

With extacy, what none can speak or paint.

Oh, master mild, and proud interpreter!

Who to such music lends such light as thine?

The sounds that stream, the piercing notes that stir,

Clear, perfect, keen as starlight, surely shine

Instinct with prophecy of what is known,

Where "they who have endured" rest alone.

'Tis of the earth—not earthly!—the strange sorrow

That into thy white lonely keys doth creep.

A mood of woe that needs no bliss to borrow,

For soon song cradles it, her child, asleep;

Feeds it on dreams of that celestial band,

Where no strain falters, droops no nerveless hand

'Tis of the Earth! for even as rain-wash'd flowers

Smell sweeter, subtler, after the still rain;

Even so it seems thine high harmonious powers

Exhale in tears some strength of stormy pain

O'er-past, but trembling o'er the bright'ned mind

Like the moist air the storm-cloud leaves behind.

'Tis of the Earth! for round it fall and float

All fiery-pure and passionate memories;

The Spirit drinks each mellow-orbing note,

And writhes with bliss; no oriental skies

Ere ripen'd fruits rich as the thoughts that break

Upon the listener when thine hand doth wake.

It is not earthly—for it never stays

Where spirits crush'd start up at music's call,

Then sink heart-weary; never it allays

The thirst at founts that only rise to fall;

But lifts us surely into golden air—

The Gate of Heaven, and leaves us list'ning there.

C. R.

## MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

MR. BENNETT has resumed his performances of classical chamber music at the Hanover Square Rooms. Since 1842, the year if we be not mistaken in which he first established them (at his own residence in Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square) they have been continued without intermission. Performances of this kind have now become very general much (we are not sorry to say) to the detriment of the fashionable concerts, which have diminished in a parallel ratio. But though two pianists out of every three treat their friends and patrons to

concerts of chamber music, classical and unclassical (good or bad) Mr. Bennett's have lost none of their original attraction. Nor are they likely to do so until a better pianist than he shall appear on the musical horizon, an event hardly to be anticipated in our times.

The programme provided by Mr. Bennett for his first performance on Tuesday evening was one in the highest degree attractive. Much better than describing it will be to reprint it entire:—

## PART I.

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Sonata in G, major, Op. 96, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett   | Beethoven.   |
| Solo Sonata in F, major, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett                                       | Mozart.      |
| Song, "Amor nel mio penar," Miss Dolby ( <i>Flavio</i> )                                     | Handel.      |
| Caprice (in B flat minor), Op. 33, dedicated to Mr. Klingeman, Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett | Mendelssohn. |

## PART II.

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Diversions, Pianoforte (à quatre mains), Mr. W. S. Bennett and Mr. W. G. Cusins | Bennett.     |
| Song, "I arise from dreams of thee," Miss Dolby                                 | Macfarren.   |
| Sonata in C minor, Violin and Pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Sterndale Bennett      | Bach.        |
| Selections from the "Lieder ohne Worte," Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Bennett          | Mendelssohn. |

The assistance of Ernst was of high importance to Mr. Bennett, who in the German violinist found one like himself—a thorough artist, a perfect executant, and a poetical interpreter of the inspirations of the great masters. The sonata in G—the grand one (our readers are aware that there are two in this key) is less often played than many of the violin sonatas of Beethoven and was the more welcome in consequence. It is one of the most charming and one of the most fantastic of the wonderful gallery of *chef d'œuvres* to which it belongs. The difficulties of execution which it presents are more than in most of the sonatas. Both violinist and pianist have their hands full. But what are the difficulties that would not vanish before such executive skill as Ernst and Sterndale Bennett possess?—and what are the mysteries of expression of which they are not cognizant? It was indeed a performance in which the highest refinement of style went hand in hand with the rarest perfection of mechanism. Ernst was divine in the *adagio*. It was the song of a spirit "mourning for its mate"—as a poet said of something far less beautiful.

The sonata of Mozart, the *grand* one in F, was a great treat, played as it was by Mr. Bennett. The close points of imitation, in the triplet passages of the first movement, were given with a crispness and a certainty that could not be excelled. The slow movement in B flat was rendered as only a true disciple of the Mozart school could render it; the cadences were rounded with Italian finish, and the *cantabile* phrases sung with the glowing fervour of a Mario. The playful *rondo* was deliciously played. In short the entire performance was worthy of the music and the player.

But perhaps the greatest treat of all was the *caprice* of Mendelssohn in B flat minor, a wild and passionate effusion, in which Mendelssohn is as entirely himself as in anything which he wrote for the piano. The three caprices to which this admirable composition belongs\* are less generally known than many of the pianoforte works of Mendelssohn, although few merit better the attention and admiration of his worshippers. The other two are in A minor and E major. If we have a preference it is for the one in B flat minor, which Mr. Bennett introduced on Tuesday night. This consists of an *adagio* and an *allegro agitato*. The *adagio* is a sublime

progression of harmony in full chords, of a solemn and impressive character. The *allegro*, restless and exciting, presents more than ordinary difficulties to the player. But Mr. Bennett knows no difficulties, and both movements were executed by him in a faultless manner. In the *allegro* he strongly reminded us of Mendelssohn himself.

The sonata of Bach is a curious specimen of the music of a time when *sonata* meant a very different thing from what Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven made it afterwards express. It is interesting, but not beautiful. No abundance of melodic phrase atones for the absence of form, while the rhythm is broken and imperfect throughout. It is, like most of Bach's music, as perplexing to execute as it is perplexing to follow. It was, however, played in such masterly style by the two performers, that it was listened to with unabated attention and very much applauded by Mr. Bennett's fashionable and not easily-pleased audience. In the *siciliano* and *adagio* Ernst, by an instinct of *phrase* which is one of the peculiar beauties of his style, managed to make a seemingly continuous song out of a *suite* of fragments in which the ear longed in vain for a definite close.

How Mr. Bennett plays the *Lieder ohne worte* of Mendelssohn needs not be recounted here. He chose, on this occasion, the short one in A from Book 1, those in E and A minor from Book 3, and the one in E from Book 5. At the end he was recalled by the whole audience, and returning, played two more—those in E and A major (the *Chasse*) from Book 1.

The only fault of the concert was that Mr. Bennett gave so little of his own music. The *Three Diversions*, for two performers on the piano, were all he introduced into the programme. These charming bagatelles were admirably played, Mr. Bennett's clever pupil, Mr. Cusins, King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, taking the first part. We were aware that Mr. Cusins was a highly promising violinist,—having studied under M. Saindon, of whom, we believe, he is still a pupil—and we remember his playing a concerto on the pianoforte at one of the Academy Concerts. Since then, however, he has made remarkable progress, and he now exhibits every indication of having equally as good dispositions for the pianoforte as for the violin. We sincerely congratulate him on this double exhibition of talent, which is the more to be admired for its rarity.

The two songs chosen by Miss Dolby were worthy of her choice. That of Handel makes us curious to know more of an opera which owns so exquisite a gem. That of Macfarren was a fit companion, as it could not otherwise be, since it is not unworthy of the words to which it is allied—one of the most passionate and beautiful of Shelley's minor poems.\* Miss Dolby sang them both to perfection.

We have said little of the applause bestowed upon the performances. Let that be understood. Mr. Bennett's audience has by this time become used to his system of education, and knows that the only way to appreciate him is to appreciate the music of his predilection. The concert we have endeavoured to describe contained nothing else; but that it was found neither lengthy nor untasteful may be surmised from the fact that the end of the last piece found the room as full and the audience as attentive and pleased as at the beginning of the first.

\* The song, "I arise from dreams of thee," is one of the "Lyrics"—a succession of vocal and instrumental pieces composed by Mr. Macfarren for his wife, Madame Macfarren, in process of publication, by Messrs Cramer, Beale, and Co.

**MR. WILLY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.**

THE sixth and last of these interesting performances took place on Monday evening, in the small music-room of St. Martin's Hall. Between 400 and 500 persons were present. Mr. Willy has conscientiously adhered to the plan with which he set out; his programmes have been strictly confined to music of the highest class, and on no one occasion has he found it necessary to court popularity by the introduction of anything beneath the acknowledged standard. The concerts have been invariably well attended, which proves beyond dispute that a public exists, among the middle classes, capable of appreciating and anxious to listen to that which, for the sake of a distinction, has been termed "classical" music. What the Sacred Harmonic Society has done for choral music, and M. Julien for orchestral, Mr. Willy has begun to do for the music of the chamber; and perhaps his task is the most arduous of the three, since chamber music, from its refined character, naturally addresses itself to a smaller number than either of the others. The public intelligence once awakened, there is now no means of drawing back. The Philharmonic Society and the Italian Operas will, no doubt, continue to appeal successfully in that favoured quarter where guineas and half-guineas are plentiful. But art is universal, and those intellectual enjoyments which have hitherto been wholly monopolised by a few are, through the spirit of progress, on the point of being thrown open to the multitude. A shilling will now find ready admission where, not long ago, a crown might have stayed begging at the door. The privilege of velvet cushions and easy chairs may remain while there are people willing and rich enough to pay for them, but the privilege of hearing good music is rapidly coming to an end. So much the better for music; so much the better for its professors, great and small, who are likelier to benefit by the hearty cheers of the million than by the chary dispensations of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs. The larger the public, the more employment for the musician, who must indeed be short-sighted if he fail to perceive that his best interests are involved in marching zealously with the times. Music is with us no longer a luxury; it has become a necessity. Where there is a public want, there will always be speculators to satisfy it, at the lowest cost commensurate with a certain amount of profit. That there is now a public want for good music, daily becoming greater and more general, will scarcely be denied; and although Mr. Willy is a distinguished member of our most expensive musical institutions, he has prudently joined the ranks of those who anticipate honour and emolument from supplying the great crowd with substantial amusement, at charges within the means of all who can afford to pay a moderate sum for the agreeable employment of their hours of leisure.

The programme of Monday night's concert was in all respects excellent. Let it speak for itself.

**PART I.**

Quintet (in A major, Op. 18.) two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Zerbini, Westlake, Waud, and Piatti . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Air, Mrs. Noble . . . . .	
Aria, Mr. Land, "O, cara imagine" . . . . .	Mozart.
Grand Trio, (in D major, No. 1, Op. 70) Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti . . . . .	Beethoven.

**PART II.**

Sonata Duo, (in B flat, Op. 45), pianoforte and violoncello, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Signor Piatti . . . . .	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mrs. Noble, "A fire-side Song" . . . . .	W. V. Wallace.
Selection, pianoforte, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Genevieve—Romance. Rondo Piacetole, (Op. 25) . . . . .	W. S. Bennett.

Song, Mr. W. H. Seguin . . . . .	E. J. Loder.
Grand Quintet (in E flat minor, Op. 87) pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and Contra-Basso, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, Westlake, Piatti, and Pratten . . . . .	Hummel.
Accompanist, Mr. Land.	

Mendelssohn's quintet—one of its author's most refined and ingenious works—was admirably executed, and highly relished by the audience. The *scherzo* in D minor, in which the composer has ventured into the realms of faëry, with the success that never failed him, was loudly encored. The marked plaudits bestowed upon the point where the violoncello so unexpectedly introduces the *reprise* of the first theme, was a just and discriminating compliment to the finished execution of Signor Piatti, who as a classical player, no less than as a brilliant soloist, has no living rival. Beethoven's grand and mystic trio, a work in which the later style of the composer is fully developed, was not a bit too much for the audience to understand and to like. It was played with the utmost effect by Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Willy, and Piatti, and each movement liberally applauded, the solemn *adagio* in the minor key, on this occasion, proving anything but caviare to the crowd. But perhaps the most masterly display of executive skill during the evening was the sonata of Mendelssohn, by Sterndale Bennett and Piatti, upon whose respective merits it is unnecessary to dilate. We have seldom heard anything more satisfactory and complete than the manner in which this brilliant and difficult duet was rendered by these accomplished players. The selection from Mr. Bennett's own compositions, executed by himself on the pianoforte, and Hummel's clever quintet, were warmly applauded. The vocal pieces, by Mrs. Noble, Mr. Land, and Mr. W. H. Seguin, were well selected and ably executed.

Mr. Willy has announced a series of grand orchestral performances in the large room of St. Martin's Hall. If carried out with the like spirit, they can hardly fail to meet with the like encouragement.

**ST MARTIN'S HALL.**

(From an occasional Contributor.)

THE opening of St. Martin's Hall forms an important event in the musical history of London; for, until now, the greatest city of the world has been without a proper building for music. Whilst every principal continental city has had its Music Hall, it has been the disgrace of the English capital to be left without one; and this disgrace is the more poignant as many of the provincial towns of England have magnificent edifices for this purpose. In London it has been left to private enterprise to supply the deficiency, and to the persevering and undaunted energy of Mr. Hullah are the inhabitants of London indebted for an endeavour to provide them with a suitable erection, constructed on proper principles for musical performances.

The principal buildings that have hitherto been used for music are the Hanover Rooms, Willis's Rooms, the Opera Concert Rooms, Wornum's Store Street Hall, the large rooms at the Freemasons' and Crown and Anchor Taverns, two or three minor concert rooms, and, finally, Exeter Hall. It is with this last building that we propose to show the comparative advantage enjoyed by Mr. Hullah's hall, in its facilities for properly rendering large works, since all the others are on much too small a scale to justify the performance in them of the highest class of orchestral compositions. When completely finished, the proportions of Mr. Hullah's hall will be 122 feet long, 55 feet wide, and 40 feet high—being about 10 feet longer than Exeter Hall, but not so wide by 20 feet; the



height of both being about equal. These proportions are admirably arranged, the height being well adapted to the length and breadth; and it is not only in height that Exeter Hall loses by comparison, but in the utter want of adaption of the roof for sound. This is the more remarkable after having attended a performance in St. Martin's Hall, and then listened to one in Exeter Hall. The perfect acoustic principles displayed in the erection of the former building insensibly present themselves to the ear, whilst in the latter the want of these principles is equally though painfully apparent. The hollow roof is a great cause of this, added to the want of proportionate height. If we compare the height with that of the Birmingham and Liverpool halls, both built on the principle best adapted for conveying sound, we shall find it much below the standard, the Birmingham Hall being 25 feet and St. George's Hall 35 feet higher than Exeter Hall. Again, if we take Westminster Abbey—an arena unmatched for the purpose of a music hall—we there find a height of 92 feet against a length of 240 feet and breadth of 68 feet.

It will therefore be seen that in the important point of height St. Martin's Hall has an immense advantage. Another superiority it possesses is in length, as compared with Exeter Hall, but this advantage would be nugatory were the length of Exeter Hall extended to its limits, instead of, as at present, being limited to the pillars at its eastern boundary. This bad arrangement forms a decided evil in the building; for at present, the recesses, whether used for orchestra or audience, are equally inconvenient. When a chorus is put there, it but indistinctly blends with the general effect of the orchestra; when the audience are there, they get but an imperfect understanding of the performance.

Another point in which St. Martin's Hall excels is in its gallery, uninterrupted by pillars and stretching round the room; and as regards conveniences for concerts and public meetings, the arrangements for the entrances, exits, &c., are vastly superior to those at Exeter Hall. Finally, in its ventilation, the greatest attention has been shewn to produce the most perfect system, whereas in Exeter Hall it is wretchedly deficient. It follows, therefore, from this combination of advantages, that, when finished, St. Martin's Hall must take the lead as the music-hall of London; unless there is some truth in the two rumours that have lately reached us; first, that the directors of Exeter Hall have resolved to make such extensive alterations as will adapt it entirely for a music-hall, and secondly, that a project is on foot for raising a joint stock capital for building a new music-hall for London. Either, or both of these schemes will meet with our hearty support, convinced that the more eligible the buildings that may be erected, so much more is gained towards the advancement of the art. But until these schemes assume a more "embodied idea," St. Martin's Hall must, *par excellence*, remain the best music-room in the metropolis.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

THE eighteenth concert was the first of the spring series and the first on a new plan. The whole of the opening part of the programme was devoted to selections from the works of Mozart, in the following order:—

- Grand symphony in G minor.
- Grand aria, Herr Formes (from *Il Seraglio*).
- Grand aria, Mrs. A. Newton, "Se merto il tuo sdegno" (from *Il Seraglio*).
- Sonata, violin and pianoforte, Herr Ernst and Mr. W. S. Bennett.
- Selection from *Il Don Giovanni*:—
- Introduction and quartet, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Land, Mr. Drayton, and Herr Formes.

- Song, Miss R. Isaacs, "Vedrai carino."
- Aria, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Il mio tesoro."
- Song, Mrs. A. Newton, "Batti, batti." (Violoncello obligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips.)
- Canzonetta, Herr Formes, "Deh vieni alla finestra." (Mandoline obligato, Herr Stehling.)
- Sestet, Mrs. A. Newton (Donna Anna), Miss Eyles (Donna Elvira), Miss R. Isaacs (Zerlina), Herr Formes (Leporello), Mr. Land (Don Ottavio), and Mr. Drayton (Masetto).
- Overture, *Il Flauto Magico*.

Nor was the selection a mere pretext for stringing together a number of popular and well-known pieces by this universal master. The first piece, the superb orchestral symphony in G minor, was played without curtailment, in a style that reflected equal credit on the band, whose neat and pointed execution was irreproachable, and on the conductor, Herr Anschuez, who indicated the times with invariable correctness and decision. We have rarely, indeed, heard a band of forty performers play with more decided effect. The symphony was listened to with strict attention, and loudly applauded at the end of each movement. Had Herr Anschuez been as eager to accept encores as a great many singers we could mention, he would certainly have repeated the slow movement, the exquisite melody and instrumentation of which made a lively impression upon the audience. The two vocal pieces which followed were both good, and both cleverly sung; the first, the gardener's song, "Werein liebchen hat gefunden," from the *Seraglio*, by Herr Formes; the second, a florid cavatina for soprano, from the same opera, by Mrs. A. Newton. After this Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett played one of the finest of the sonatas for violin and pianoforte—that in E flat. The performance was worthy of the music, more than which need not be said. The sonata, long as it is, unobtrusive in style, and offering few occasions for the display of brilliant execution, was received with distinguished favour, and in repeating the parts of the different movements according to the composer's directions, Herr Ernst and Mr. Sterndale Bennett displayed more confidence in the taste and feeling of their audience than Herr Anschuez, who, to save about three minutes of time, omitted the necessary repeats of the slow movement and minuet of the symphony. A selection from *Don Giovanni*, beginning with the overture, was capitally performed. We have heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing nothing more finely than "Il mio tesoro," which gives full scope to the power and beauty of his voice, and calls into request the best qualities of his singing; but we should have been still better pleased had Mr. Reeves been courageous enough to abandon the Italian alteration of one of the most striking points in this air, where, instead of sustaining a long note through the accompaniment, according to Mozart's intention, the voice is made to sing a passage which belongs to the violins. The pretext for this liberty (originally introduced by Rubini)—the display of a B flat in alt—is a sorry one indeed. It is surely of more consequence that Mozart's music should be sung correctly than that an audience should be convinced by example of the quality of any particular note in the register of a singer's voice, when that particular note is quite beside the purpose. The sestet, "Sola, sola," by Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Eyles, Miss Isaacs, Herr Formes, Mr. Land, and Mr. Drayton, concluded the *Don Giovanni* selection, and the splendid overture to *Die Zauberflote* brought the first part of the concert—that dedicated to Mozart—to an end, amidst applause the heartiness of which was unquestionable.

The second part consisted of a selection from the *Huguenots*, and a miscellany after the ordinary fashion. The band expended its strength to little avail on the overture to the *Dame*

*Blanche.* Mr. H. Drayton was encored in Knight's ballad, as was also Mr. Sims Reeves in Raoul's song, and Formes in the "Piff, paff." The most enthusiastic encore of the evening, however, was awarded to Ernst in Mayseder's *Air Varié*. This was indeed a marvellous performance, more especially the first variation, played in *thirds* and *sixths* all through (instead of Mayseder's single notes), and the *cadenza*, composed and introduced by Ernst himself, one of the most surprising feats of execution ever accomplished by human hands. On the whole, the last concert was one of the most satisfactory ever given by Mr. Stammers at Exeter Hall.

## GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

## ELOGIA I.

*Una parte guardè de tus cabellos  
Elisa, envueltos en un blanco pano,  
Que nunca de mi seno se me apartan;  
Descójosos, y de un dolor tamano  
Enternecerme siento; que sobre ellos  
Nunca mis ojos de llorar se hartan.  
Sin que de allí se partan,  
Con suspiros calientes,  
Mas que la llama ardientes,  
Los enxugo del llanto, y de consuno  
Casi los paso y cuento uno á uno:  
Juntándolos con un cordón los ato;  
Tras esto el importuno;  
Dolor me dexa descansar un rato.*

## TRANSLATION.

O my lost love, Eliza! still I hold  
One dear, dear ringlet of thy raven hair,  
Twined up in silk with care—alas! with care.  
I wear it near my heart, but when unrolled  
It lies before me, big tears of despair,  
Wild mournful melancholy, fill my eyes.  
O'er the loved tress my inmost spirit sighs,  
Weak as an infant, and I muse in sadness,  
The victim of a lonely solitary madness.  
O my lost love, Eliza! see me weep—  
Behold me wildly kiss this cherished tress,  
Torn from thy locks of raven loveliness.  
In tears of blood the relic still I steep—  
Still to my lips thy dear, dear hair I press.  
I fold it as a love-knot, and I bind  
It round my neck, dear love! This lulls my mind;  
I taste a short forgetfulness of sorrow,  
But wake to keener anguish on the morrow. E. K.

## THE PROGRESS AND INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

## NO. IV.

(From the *Morning Post*.)

THE name of this Journal having been taken in vain in a letter headed "Rossini and the *Morning Post*," and signed "Senex," which appeared in a recent number of a contemporary periodical, called the *Musical World*, we presume some reply will be expected from us. We will, therefore, although we have "no devotion to the deed," bow to custom, and consent, by our notice, to give an importance to the effusion which it would not otherwise possess.

It is an ungrateful task to fight with shadows, or to enter into a contest, the contemptible nature of which robs enthusiasm of its fire and victory of its exultation. It is equally disagreeable to be forced to drag imbecility into the broad glare of day and expose its infirmities. Pity prompts us to leave it in its native obscurity; but our duty, as public critics, tells us we must not allow opinions to go abroad which may tend to mislead the public mind on an important subject, however silly they may be, for silliness is contagious.

The *Musical World* has recently done us the honour to reproduce our articles on "The Progress and Influence of Music," and has acknowledged the obligation. It has, at the same time, stated that it does not pledge itself to any of the opinions therein advanced or principles advocated; at which we much rejoice, for it is our happiness to differ on most points from our contemporary, and, were our ideas of art by any accident to coincide with his, we should begin to feel some anxious misgivings respecting the state of our musical mind.

The letter to which we would call attention is quite a curiosity. The pseudonym of "Senex" is admirably characteristic of its style, for evidence is to be found in every line of its having been indited by some very old man or woman. It possesses every attribute of childhood except ingenuousness—all the greenness of extreme youth without its freshness. Its satire is as cutting as a down-bed, and its scorn as withering as the newly-budding spring flower.

We cannot undertake to wade through the two columns of twaddle with which the *Musical World* has favored its readers, but shall content ourselves with giving a summary of the writer's remarks upon the *Morning Post*. We stated in our article No. 2 (Dec. 27, 1849), upon the "Progress and Influence of Music," that the Italian Opera was brought to perfection by Mozart, and that with Rossini, his immediate successor, commenced its degeneration; that is, that Rossini was but a degenerate successor to Mozart; to which the venerable "Senex," makes the following reply, to the editor of the *Musical World*:—

"SIR,—I have read in your journal two papers on the 'Progress of Music,' extracted from the *Morning Post*, containing opinions in which I cannot suppose you entirely acquiesce. The writer has evidently written earnestly, but I apprehend he has fallen into a great mistake when, in his remarks upon the Italian school of operatic music, he says that with 'Rossini commenced its degeneration.' This implies that there were composers of opera in Italy greater than Rossini before his time, and that at the period when Rossini commenced writing Italian opera had reached its culminating point."

None but "Senex" could have arrived at so thorough a comprehension of our meaning!

"Let us consider who were the composers and what were their operas. I am not learned enough to know anything about the *Da/né* and *Euridice* composed by Peri and Caccini, in 1590 [we believe this], but I know something of the operas of Paesiello and Cimarosa, and am old enough [we doubt it not] to remember the *Armida* and *Montezuma* of Sacchini, produced in London about the year 1793. From that period to the present time, partly from choice, partly from professional occupation, I have attended the Italian Opera House every season, and may be allowed to know something of the different operas produced, and the reputation gained by the several composers. In vain I search my memory to recall the great composers for the Italian opera who brought the lyric drama to such perfection, and to whom Rossini was but a degenerate successor. I know all their names but I know nothing of their superior merit."

We believe this.

"Who could the writer mean? The favourite composers at the Italian Operas, previous to Rossini's time, were Sacchini, Sarti, Martini, Piccini, Portogallo, Bianchi, Salieri, Nasolini, Guglielmi, Paesiello, and Cimarosa, amongst the Italians; and Glück, Paer, and Winter amongst the Germans. I omit Mozart [!] as his operas were not performed at the King's Theatre until somewhere about Rossini's time. More shame for the King's Theatre!"

Now, really, with all due consideration for the infirmities of age, we cannot allow our venerable friend this liberty. We are aware that the name of Mozart is extremely inconvenient to him; that it is necessary to remove it before his argument can obtain even a shadow of plausibility; that it opposes an insuperable barrier to his attempted attack upon us—but still we are inflexible; and although we cannot but smile at the

unceremonious simplicity with which "Senex" proposes to omit him from the list of Italian opera writers who preceded Rossini, he must assign some better reason for displacing the "Cavaliere Philharmonico," who was the idol of the Italian public and the wonder of his own time, as he will be the admiration of succeeding ages, than the bare fact of his operas not having been performed at the King's Theatre, London, until "somewhere about Rossini's time," before he can hope to be listened to with patience.

We stated that Rossini was a degenerate successor to Mozart, whose name represents the highest glories of Italian opera. "Senex" flatters himself that he has confuted our "extraordinary statement," by asserting that Rossini's works are better than those of Portogallo, Nasolini, &c., and observes, triumphantly, that we have "fallen into a great error" in not supposing that Rossini brought Italian opera to perfection, because the old King's Theatre acted shamefully in not producing the works of Mozart as soon as it ought to have done. But enough of this.

The writer, subsequently, amongst other things, observes, that Paisiello was a "most charming and fanciful writer," and "full of melody which is remarkable for its simple and touching beauty, and which has survived"—that Piccini wrote a pretty and sparkling opera—that Pucitta's *Caccia d' Enrico* is light and amusing, &c. These singular remarks afford additional evidence of the extreme senility of the writer. His memory plays him false, for the above much-lauded composers belong to those antecedents of Rossini of whose superior merit "Senex" knew nothing at the commencement of his epistle. Perhaps, however, he will not admit a "most charming and fanciful writer," whose works are full of beautiful melody, touching, simple, and enduring in its character, to have any claim to "superior merit," and pretty and sparkling, or light and amusing operas, find no favour in his eyes. He then proceeds to remark that Cimarosa's *chef d'œuvre*, the admirable *Matrimonio Segreto*, is dull and spiritless; and respecting Glück, whom he classes amongst the Italian opera writers, he gives us the following information:—

"With great musical feeling and much dramatic power, there is an evident want of variety and contrast in Glück's music; and the subjects he has chosen appear to point to a particular state of mind. Nor do I think that the invention of this composer was always remarkable. At any rate, whatever he may have been, his works have gone the way of all flesh, and Cimarosa is the more fortunate of the two, for while he has left one work which is occasionally raked from the ashes of oblivion [this is a new figure!] poor Glück has not one! Surely it is not too much to assume that, what has not survived the lapse of time must needs have been deficient in extraordinary merit."

We were also of that opinion until we became aware of the existence of "Senex," who affords a striking instance to the contrary!

It is thus that the *Musical World* correspondent presumes to speak of one of the greatest dramatic composers of any age or time! whose wonderful and accompanied recitatives are sufficient to immortalise him, to say nothing of the lovely melodies and powerful choruses with which his works abound. Our superannuated critic appears also to be ignorant of the fact that Glück's operas are stock works on the German stage, where they are constantly performed. He then attacks Winter, calling him a "hen finch," a "chip," and "the white of an egg without salt." Mayer, the author of *Medea*, comes next, and receives much abuse for being "dull and heavy;" and, after bestowing many blows and buffets upon every composer whose name he can recollect who had the misfortune to precede Rossini, the writer indulges in a high flown panegyric upon his idol; after which he says,

"I trust I have proved satisfactorily that, antecedent to Rossini's time, the Italian opera had not arrived at perfection, by showing that there was no composer of sufficient genius to have achieved that object."

So far he is consistent in his ignorance or disingenuousness. No composer but Rossini finds favour in his eyes. Mozart is quietly dismissed, as though he had had nothing to do with the progress of Italian opera, and his thoughts have an *air de famille*, which appears to proceed from what the writer calls, when speaking of Glück, "a particular state of mind;" but anon comes a somewhat startling announcement. Towards the conclusion of a long letter, in the course of which "Senex" informs us that in one night Rossini "fluttered away the reputations of all his predecessors," and that his genius alone brought Italian opera to perfection, he says—

"It is not my intention here to maintain that Rossini's genius was of an order superior to those who had gone before!"

The gist of his argument, then, appears to be that the Italian school of opera was brought to perfection by the superior genius of Rossini, who eclipsed all his predecessors, but whose genius was not superior to "those who had gone before;" and this he terms "confuting our extraordinary statement" that, with Mozart, Italian opera reached its highest point. We have nothing to add to this; the writer's own words are sufficient for our purpose. We can only marvel that, in the nineteenth century (the first half), one man could be found so weak as to scribble, and another to print, such rank nonsense. There is, however, another paragraph which we must not pass over. It is the following:—

"Having, on this point, differed from him [the writer in the *Post*] in toto, I shall, with your permission, in an early number, join him hand in hand in endeavouring to expose a grievance under which our own opera labours at present. This grievance is nothing more nor less than the predominating influence the music publishers have established over the composers.—I shall lend him all the assistance in my power."

This is worse than all. On our knees we beg of "Senex" not to endeavour to help us, for we feel convinced that such assistance as his would be fatal to any cause. We now take leave of this subject, informing our would-be critics that for the future we shall take no notice whatever of such ridiculous attempts as the letter of "Senex," but that any rational objection to the principles we advocate addressed to this journal will meet with attention, and be duly answered.

#### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Third Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., in the small music room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows:—

##### PART I.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. N. Mori, E. W. Thomas, Weslake, and Guest . . . . . Mozart.  
Aria (La Partenza), "Taci in van," Mr. Ferrari . . . . . W. Lovell Phillips  
Song, "Ah! why do we love," Miss Leslie (Don Quixote) . . . . . G. A. Macfarren.  
Trio, "Up, quit thy bower," Miss Thornton, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Ferrari . . . . . Brinley Richards.  
Duetto, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, violoncello, contra-bass, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. J. H. Griesbach, E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake, Guest, A. R. Rowland, Nicholson, J. H. Maycock, C. Harper, and W. Chisholm . . . . . J. H. Griesbach.

##### PART II.

Quartet in D major, No. 2 (MS.), two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, N. Mori, Weslake and Guest . . . . . C. E. Horsley.



- Aria, "Batti, batti" Miss Thornton; violoncello obligato, Mr. W. L. Phillips (*Don Giovanni*) . . . *Mozart.*  
 Sonata in A, pianoforte and violin, Messrs. Robert Barnett, and E. W. Thomas . . . *Mozart.*  
 Song, "The sunny dreams of childhood," Mr. Herbert . . . *Edvard Land.*  
 Septuor, Op. 20, violin, tenor, violoncello, contrabass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, Messrs. E. W. Thomas, Weslake, Guest, Rowland, Maycock, C. Harper, and Chisholm . . . *Beethoven.*  
 Accompanist, Mr. W. Cecil Macfarren. Director, Mr. James Calkin.

The Fourth Concert took place on Saturday, the 16th. We quote the programme:—

- PART I.  
 Quartet in G. No. 81, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Thirlwall, J. Banister, Trust, and Hatton . . . *Haydn.*  
 Aria, "Nobil Dorna," Miss Clara Panchaud (*Huguenots*) . . . *Meyerbeer.*  
 Ballad, "She shines before me like a star," Miss Pyne (*King Charles II.*) . . . *G. A. Macfarren.*  
 Quartet in E flat, Op. 33, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, Miss R. M. S. Read, Messrs. Thirlwall, Trust, and Hatton . . . *Dussek.*  
 PART II.  
 Quintetto, pianoforte, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. Westrop, Banister, T. Westrop, Trust, and Hatton . . . *H. Westrop.*  
 Romance, "Spento ancor ritornerò," Miss Mira Griesbach (her first appearance in public) (*Leonora*) . . . *Mercadante.*  
 Ballad, "Constance," Miss Clara Panchaud . . . *Linley.*  
 Trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," Miss Mira Griesbach, Miss Pyne, and Miss Clara Panchaud (*Elijah*) . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
 Septuor in D minor, Op. 74, pianoforte, flute, horn, oboe, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Brinley Richards, R. S. Pratten, Horn-ton, Calcott, Trust, Hatton, and F. S. Pratten . . . *Hummel.*  
 Accompanist, Mr. Jewson. Director, Mr. W. Lovell Phillips.

The Fifth Concert will take place to-night.

The attendances have been tolerably good, and the performances excellent of their kind. We shall further allude to the society very shortly.

## DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

### DRURY LANE.

THE performances during the week present nothing novel or striking, if we except the *Beggars' Opera*, in which Miss Eliza Nelson has succeeded in making a decided hit in Polly. The *Beggars' Opera* was given for the fourth time last night. The piece on the whole is but indifferently cast, especially in the leading parts, Mr. Rafter being anything but irresistible in Captain Macheath, and Miss Huddart making but a questionable Lucy; but this only serves to render Miss Eliza Nelson's talent more conspicuous, as the diamond becomes more refulgent when placed in contiguity with the turquoise. We were exceedingly pleased with the Polly of this young lady, not that we had found all we could have desired in her acting and singing—that was impossible to expect, Miss Eliza Nelson being comparatively new to the boards—but that, in addition to so much that was really excellent in accomplishment, we discovered so much promise in the fair vocalist as to lead us to anticipate for her a brilliant future. Miss Eliza Nelson sang all her songs in a style of unusual excellence. "Virgins are like the fair flowers," and "O ponder well," were evidences of her taste and expression, while the "Cease your funning" showed a charming naïveté, combined with great warmth of feeling. She was most enthusiastically applauded in all her songs, and encored several times.

A new five-act comedy is in rehearsal, and Fletcher's *Elder Brother* is in the bills.

### PRINCESS'S.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge honoured the performance of *King Charles the Second*, with their presence on Tuesday evening. The theatre was crowded in every nook and corner, and the opera went off with brilliant éclat. It was the benefit of the inimitable Flexmore, and the pantomime of *King Jamie* was more thoroughly enjoyed than ever. Flexmore's imitations were delicious, especially that of the unrivalled Carlotta Grisi.

Loder's *Night Dancers* was produced last night, the first time this four years. Mr. Allen played his original part. The other leading characters were novelties. Mademoiselle Nau appeared in Giselle—poor Albertazzi's original part; Mr. Corri was substituted for Leffler; and Madame Macfarren officiated for Miss Sara Flower.

Not having time to enter into particulars, we shall merely say that the revival was eminently successful, and that the performance in general was excellent. Mademoiselle Nau achieved a brilliant success. Mr. Corri was inferior to Mr. Leffler, but Madame Macfarren was a decided improvement on her predecessor. Full particulars next week. The opera will be repeated on Tuesday. Mr. Loder was enthusiastically summoned before the curtain.

### ADELPHI.

A NEW farce, called *My Precious Betsy*, was produced on Monday night, with success. The hero, Mr. Bobtail (Wright), a respectable tallow-chandler at Southampton, has a wife rejoicing in a legacy left her by a certain Dr. Brown, in whose service she has lived. He determines to enjoy himself on his wealth, but he has unpleasant neighbours, who destroy his happiness. Mr. Wagtail (Mr. P. Bedford), using the "Southampton Paul Pry" as an organ, insinuates that the defunct Brown has been too familiar with Mrs. Bobtail (Miss E. Harding), and also turns to scandalous account the mysterious visits of Mr. Langford (Mr. Worrell) who has an infant, the offspring of a clandestine marriage. The jealousy of Bobtail, affording a good opportunity for the humour of Mr. Wright, is the grand feature of the piece. In the ecstasy of his rage he smashes crockery, and perpetrates other destructive acts, and at last, by way of reprisal, makes love to the wife (Mrs. F. Matthews) of Wagtail. The farce, which was evidently written for the purpose of bringing out this one part, was quite successful, and Mr. Wright was called.

### OLYMPIC.

The production of a new tragedy by a gentleman so well known in literary circles as Mr. G. H. Lewes, attracted a numerous audience on Monday night. By divers works of a critico-historical character, the author had rendered himself celebrated as a connoisseur of the drama of Spain and France, and the style of the programme seemed to promise a favorable result of his peculiar studies.

THE *Noble Heart*, as his play is called, may possibly be borrowed from a Spanish play. Whether it be so or not, we do not know as a fact, but it rather seems to us as an original combination of the Spanish tone with the construction of the French classical drama. The principal character is Don Gomez de la Vega, an old noble with the high notions of honor so well known to the readers of the Spanish theatre, and so admirably transferred by Victor Hugo to the veteran in *Ernani*. Love proves too strong for his starched principles. He becomes smitten by a merchant's daughter, and she,

though she loves another, accepts his hand to save her father from ruin. When the marriage is just celebrated, the son of the noble returns from the wars, and the bride finds, to her horror, that he is her first love, who, to test her affection, had wooed her under a feigned name. An interview between the young pair, who are both in a state of agony, excites the jealous rage of the father, but on learning the true state of the case, he joins their hands and retires to a convent, in compliance with the advice which has constantly been given him by his friend, the monk Herman. The position of this monk strongly reminds us of that of Balthasar in *La Favorite*, and, indeed, throughout the drama, a vision composed of Donizetti's opera and Hugo's tragedy seems to float before us.

The great merit of Mr. Lewes's tragedy consists in the clearness of his plan, and the sharpness with which he has defined his characters and their mutual relations. His division into three acts is, like his tone, taken from the Spanish dramatists, who divided their plays into three "*jornadas*," but the simplicity belongs to the professed admirer of Racine and Corneille. The fault of the piece is an over predilection for controversial dialogue. The personages often stand still to discuss when the audience want them to act, and in one place there is a regular debate on the comparative merits of the world and the cloister, which becomes somewhat fatiguing. Here, we think, we may see the influence of Pierre Corneille in particular. The first two acts, which, after all, merely lead up to the third, may be shortened with advantage. The real action of the piece takes place in the third act. Here the sympathies of the audience are first really moved, and the skill of the author is displayed in the concentrated force of his collision. The language throughout is powerful, and when need requires passionate, an occasional appearance of bombast being by no means inconsistent with the Spanish atmosphere in which the action takes place. The whole piece gives evidence of the man of thought and literature, who has yet something to learn in the practical knowledge of the stage.

For the subtleties of acting the characters of this piece afford no great scope. They are telling, but they move in a straight course. Mr. G. V. Brooke displayed much force and pathos as Don Gomez; the dreamy sorrows of the lady were beautifully and poetically rendered by Mrs. Mowatt; Mr. Davenport looked, moved, and spoke in a style fitting the chivalric, single-minded young noble; and Mr. Ryder was sufficiently austere as the monk. The costumes and scenery were magnificent.

The call for the principal actors was followed by a call for Mr. Lewes, who crossed the stage amid loud applause. Mr. Davenport then announced the piece for repetition.

#### STRAND.

*Woman's Revenge*, an agreeable *petite* comedy, by Mr. Howard Payne, originally produced at the Olympic during that early period of Madame Vestris's management when Mrs. Glover was a member of the company, has been revived here with great success; the character of Miss Flashington, in which Mrs. Glover exhibits a combination of austere manners with goodness of heart, displaying the admirable actress in an aspect new to the playgoers of the day.

#### SURREY.

This house, so long the stronghold of nautical melodrama, has of late been making strenuous efforts to join the ranks of the "young legitimates." A few relapses have indeed taken place in the course of the struggle, but still the

lessee, Mr. Shepherd, has shown a will to take the path towards elevation, if possible, and Mr. Creswick, his chief actor, has, since he has joined the Surrey corps, been gaining a firm hold on the Surrey audience.

The acceptance of a five-act play in blank verse, by a gentleman so well known as Mr. H. F. Chorley, is a new indication of an attempt to elevate the amusements of a populous neighbourhood, hitherto for the most part dieted with coarser food. The play itself, which is entitled *Old Love and New Fortune*, is no specimen of dramatic construction. The author, in tracing out the tale of a purse-proud gentleman and his haughty daughter, who are cured of their pride by the humble Templar they have despised, has gone to work like a novelist. His language is extremely polished, and his dialogue abounds in excellent wholesome sentences, all tending to the enhancement of inner worth as opposed to external fortune; but he has not yet learned the art of marking out the progress of action by palpable situations, and an obscurity prevails throughout the production such as we do not remember to have seen in any acting drama. Though we have carefully watched the piece, we would not venture to explain its details; but at the same time we are anxious to pay our tribute of commendation to the grace and elegance of the writing. The author, more inured to the profession of poet than to that of playwright, has written not so much a drama as a dramatic poem.

The manner in which the work is acted shows the existence of a great deal of histrionic talent, little known on this side of the Thames. Mr. Creswick, who plays the Templar, and forcibly represents a passionate interior, veiled by a show of reckless sarcasm, is, indeed, familiar to Westminster audiences. Not so are Madame Ponisi, who feelingly depicts the contrition of the haughty lady; Mr. Mead, an excellent reader and careful representative of the chilly father; and Mr. Fitzroy, who plays a veteran servant, and is a most able actor of "old men"—all these performers work well together, and we see in them the nucleus of a good practical company. The scenery and costumes, which illustrate the end of the seventeenth century, show that Mr. Shepherd is emulous of the fame of his more northern competitors in the art of decoration.

Notwithstanding its success, the new play has been withdrawn, owing, we are given to understand, to some oversight about the acting licenses.

#### SADLER'S WELLS.

MISS EDWARDES, from the Bath Theatre, made her *début* here on Friday se'nnight, as Mariana, in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife*. She is young, and in person thin and slight, with an animated and intelligent countenance. Her conception was delicate and impassioned; her voice, when within its ordinary compass, is melodious, but becomes somewhat harsh when she exerts it. She was most successful in the touches of tenderness and pathos in which the character abounds; and though the energetic passages wanted neither force nor discrimination, we suspect that Miss Edwardes's strength will be found in delineating the gentler passions of her sex, as depicted in the *Desdemonas* and *Mirandas*, *et hoc genus*. But we will wait, and see more of this lady, who, at all events, is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Phelps.

#### ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Opera Comique*.—On Wednesday last, Adolphe Adam's opera of *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, was produced for the first time before an English audience. Few



works have been more popular in Paris than this. It had a run of a hundred and fifty nights, and still continues to be one of the most attractive stock pieces of the Opera Comique. We should say that this success is mainly to be attributed to the amusing character of the libretto, and to the admirable singing and acting of M. Chollet, for whom the part of Chapelou, the postilion, was expressly written. The music, which is generally trite and common-place, is more suited to the better class of vaudeville than to opera. This, however, does not detract from the merit of the performance at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, which was highly satisfactory, and afforded the utmost amusement. The piece was well got up, M. Chollet playing the part of the hero, Madlle. Guichard that of the heroine, with much discrimination and talent, and Messrs. Buguet, Chateaufort, and Devaux, contributing their best efforts in the other characters.

The book, the joint production of M.M. Leuven and Brunswick, is cleverly and neatly put together. It is divided into three acts. The first act passes at the village of Lonjumeau, where Chapelou, the postilion, is married, and deserts his wife, almost immediately after the ceremony, to follow the Marquis de Corey to Paris. The Marquis is the minister of Louis XV.'s "*menu plaisirs*," among which the Opera stands as number one, and holds out to the astonished Chapelou golden dreams of fortune and honours, to be acquired by a cultivation of his *si di poitrine*. The second act is taken up with an intrigue between St. Phar, as the postilion is now called, being primo tenore in the King's troupe, and a Madame de Latour, no other than Chapelou's wife, who has inherited a rich fortune from an aunt in the colonies, and has become a lady of high fashion. The third act treats of the marriage of St. Phar with his first wife, whom he is far from suspecting to be the real Madelaine, his horror at the idea of being hanged for bigamy with his accomplices, and the clearing up of the plot—explanation, moral, and reconciliation of everyone to everyone.

The characters of the different personages are broadly caricatured and well sustained throughout the piece. M. Chollet was inimitable both in his acting and singing, and proved how much can be done by art to counteract the influence of time. His first appearance as the postilion was hailed with loud and continuous applause. His making-up was admirable as the joyous, light-hearted French post-boy of the last century; his acting was most appropriate and in keeping with the character; and his first song, "*Mes amis, écoutez l'histoire*," was enthusiastically applauded. The metamorphosis in the second act, where he is transformed into the first tenore of the king's operatic company, was complete and happy. His acting was in excellent keeping with the traditions handed down to us of the coxcombry and pretensions of the singing gentlemen of that period, and his delivery of the romanza, "*Assis au pied d'un hêtre*," furnished us with a most amusing caricature of the style of singing then prevalent on the continent. It was received with shouts of laughter, and unanimously encored.

Madlle. Guichard came in for her share of well-deserved applause, and gave the song, "*Mon petit mari*," with much vivacity. Her acting was excellent throughout this act. She also played the part of the titled lady in the second and third acts with much natural grace, and was particularly good in the scene where she combines the two personages into one, uniting the characters of Madelaine and Madame de Latour. The part of Bijou, alias Alcindor, the original "*Boreas*" at the Grand Opera, was capitally rendered by M. Buguet, whose jealousy of his comrade, although tempered by the most vehement admiration of his gifts and his impudence, was really

amusing. The trio for MM. Chollet, Buguet, and Devaux (Bourdon, the sham priest,) "*Pendu, pendu, pendu*," when the plot being discovered, they all expect to pay the last penalty of the law, was highly effective, and went to perfection. M. Chateaufort's part was out of his usual line, but he infused much humour into it. The *Postillon de Lonjumeau* was decidedly successful, and the principal artistes were recalled to receive the congratulations of the most crowded house we have seen this season.

The opera was preceded by a vaudeville, entitled, "*Le Débutant*;" in which the part of an aspirant to theatrical honours was well played by M. Léon, who evinced signs of talent and a good deal of humour. J. DE C—.

#### MR. MACREADY IN LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Tuesday evening Mr. Macready took his final leave of the Liverpool stage. The performances having concluded, the calls for Mr. Macready were loud and continuous, and after a few minutes had elapsed, he made his appearance in front of the stage, and addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It has been equally agreeable to me to attend with pleasure and alacrity the complimentary summonses with which you have so often heralded me; but now I must confess I obey your call with reluctance and regret. I might count back many years from the date of my first appearance before you, but time has not weakened my recollection of the cheering welcome with which you greeted my more youthful essays; and well do I remember the many successive occasions when my humble efforts have been favoured with your liberal approbation, and when my endeavours to bring before you the genius of our great dramatic bard have found a ready response in the intelligence and sympathy of my audience here. What more have I to say? The exercise of my art I relinquish at somewhat an earlier period of my life than many of my more distinguished predecessors have done, and I willingly yield the scene to younger, but, I must say, scarcely less ardent aspirants to your favour; not, indeed, from any consciousness of enfeebled powers, but because I would not risk the chance of lingering there to deprive others of what I know they may enjoy. And even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, I prefer to submit to you the representation of Shaksperian character illustrated as a proof impression, rather than offer to you an indistinct and worn-out plate. ('No, no!' and loud cheers.) It has always been a gratification to me to appear before you, and therefore it is painful to me now to reflect that it is a pleasure I shall never again enjoy. Ladies and Gentlemen, I take my leave of you with a sense of your long-continued kindness, and with sentiments of great regret I bid you, in my profession as an actor, a last farewell."

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

MR. JOSEPH STAMMERS, the director of the London Wednesday Concerts, gave a grand concert in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening. The announcement of the performance caused an unusual stir in our classical town, and every seat was taken almost instantaneously. I have seldom witnessed so much excitement at Cambridge. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Herr Formes—all importations from the London Wednesday Concerts. The instrumentalists were Herr Anschuetz (pianist), Mr. T. Harper (cornet-a-piston), and Mr. Richardson (flautist)—performers appertaining also to the London Wednesday

Concerts. In short the concert at Cambridge was a London Wednesday Concert in every respect but the day, and the absence of Ernst and a grand orchestra. In Ireland they would have called it a Wednesday Concert, in spite of the day.

The programme reminded me forcibly of some of the programmes of the London Wednesday Concerts. The first part was devoted to a selection from *Sonnambula*; Mrs. Alexander Newton singing Amina's music; Mr. Bridge Frodsham that of Elvino; and Herr Formes that of the Count.

Mrs. A. Newton has a clear, bright, soprano voice, of great brilliancy. Her executive powers are considerable, and, to my thinking, she sings more like a musician than any English singer I have heard of late years. Be this as it may, Mrs. Newton produced a powerful impression in both her songs, the—cavatina, "Come per me sereno," and the final rondo. She sang both in English. This was a mistake. She should have sung them both in Italian. I acknowledge that Mr. Stammers is right in the main, in having his operatic selections interpreted in the vernacular; nevertheless, it cannot be denied that Italian songs, and *bravuras* especially, suffer greatly from their union with "Our harsh, northern, grunting guttural."

The new English tenor, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, was received with high favour. He appears a quiet, unassuming person, without the least pretension; although his fashionable moustache might incline one to the idea of his having a good opinion of himself. The likeness to Sims Reeves is unmistakable. It was universally acknowledged. A friend of mine, an Irishman, told me the likeness was so strong, that even those who had never seen Sims Reeves must have allowed it. Mr. Bridge Frodsham has a high tenor voice—I should almost think, a counter tenor voice—of a nice pleasing quality. His singing is like his appearance, without any pretension. He gave the grand scena, "All is lost now," with much feeling and expression, and was loudly applauded.

The great German basso, Herr Formes, was received with thunders of applause. A high reputation had preceded him, and immense expectations were raised in consequence. Never were expectations more fully realised. Herr Formes has one of the most powerful bass voices I ever heard, almost as powerful as Lablache's, and at the same time sympathetic in quality, and admirably, in tune. He sang the count's song, "Vi vivaso," in English, pronouncing the words with clear and perfect articulation. It was a fine specimen of vocalization. He subsequently gave the "Drinking Song" from *Der Freischütz*, and Shield's "Wolf," with more effect, as they were better suited to the vigour of his style than Bellini's domestic strains. He also joined Mrs. A. Newton in a duet of Donizetti, and sang Schubert's "Wanderer," and "The Bay of Biscay." Schubert's romance was a magnificent performance, and "The Bay of Biscay" carried away the audience like an electric shock. Herr Formes was encored several times.

I was much pleased with Mr. Richardson; he is a most brilliant flautist. He played a Scotch tune, and varied it in a most ingenious and fanciful manner. Never was simple ballad so diffused into showers and sparkles. But all was done pleasingly and surprisingly. Mr. Richardson played also the flute obligato in the "Lo! here the gentle lark" to Mrs. A. Newton's singing.

Mr. T. Harper played two solos; one on the trumpet, and one on the cornet. The one on the trumpet, Dr. Arne's "The Soldier tired," was more to my fancy: the one on the cornet appeared to be better relished by the majority.

Miss Eyles must not be forgotten. It would be unjust to pass by this charming artist, without a word. Miss Eyles sang four times. We liked her most in Sterndale Bennett's "May Dew," and Balfe's "Merry Zingara."

After the concert, a grand supper was given to Mr. Stammers by several members of the different colleges and influential men of the town, and the evening passed away in the utmost hilarity and friendly intercommunion. The director of the London Wednesday Concerts has set an example to the inhabitants of Cambridge, from which the most beneficial results are likely to spring. He has shown them that entertainments conducted in a first-rate manner cannot fail of proving attractive and remunerative, and that, consequently, popular Concerts will not in future be such a sealed book as they have hitherto been in this town. I am certain Mr. Stammers will be most cordially welcomed when he comes again to Cambridge.

## BEETHOVEN AT THE PIANO.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

At first the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the merriment of a coquette. They then merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble hand; it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic, old, sparkling on the ear like zigzags: it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merriment; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness—a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abounded with dark and goblin passages; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and swarming with the cries of the witches of the Walpurgis; it was Euridice traversing the corridors of hell; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon; it was a hurricane on the deep sea; it was everything horrible, weird-like, and tumultuous. And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightnings and lamentations of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvisation; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became as it were the organ of sadness, it became eloquent with an articulate woe; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, and a soul dissolving with emotions. Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storm and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, and soared at last into a prean such as that of victorious legions when—

"Gaily to glory they come,  
Like a king in his pomp,  
To the blast of the trumpet,  
And the roar of the mighty drum."

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many and abrupt discords, the Rosicrucian gazed with awe upon the responsible grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament, to his capacious forehead, to his broad and dirtended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his under lip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in unison with the glorious sound that reverberated through the chamber even in the enormous contour of his head, and the grey disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening in an ecstasy of admiration, he was startled by a sudden clangor among the bass notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand fall ab-



abstractedly on the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then, for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf.

Alas! the supposition was too true; Beethoven was cursed by the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his genius—who worship his memory with a devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathise in that terrible deprivation of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter days of his life embittered.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA, (From Saroni's Musical Times.)

DON GIOVANNI at the Astor Place Opera House. If any one had ever doubted the growing taste of this community for music of an elevated character, a visit to the Opera House on Tuesday night would have convinced him of his error. The parquette and amphitheatre were crowded, while the boxes were by no means indifferently filled. We are gratified that it was *Don Giovanni*, an opera by Mozart, which called together so vast an assemblage. We are gratified, because, if such music be appreciated properly, a beneficent influence cannot fail to arise from it, and we are gratified, because the superiority of truly dramatic music, over the superficial and flashy style of the modern Italian school, is nowhere so well established as in *Don Giovanni*. We do not speak now of *Don Giovanni* Beneventano, or even *Don Giovanni* Tamburini, but of *Don Giovanni* as a work of art, unrivalled in all its component parts, and unrivalled as a whole.

We do not intend this article as a criticism on the evening's performance, and we may, therefore, be permitted to give our impressions of this first representation briefly, and subject at any time to be modified by future consideration.

The cast of the Opera seems to us injudicious, to say the least of it. Beneventano's acting is too vulgar, his singing too boisterous and too rough. Truffi, as Donna Anna, acted very well, as she always must, in fact, but her singing bore but too ostensibly the stamp of superficial method to satisfy us in this part. Sanquorico, as Leporello, mistook his part completely, in trying to make up in buffoonery of the grossest kind, for what he lacked in voice. Novelli, as Masetto, sang correctly, but the music is of a character altogether foreign to his style, and in his acting he displayed but little of that surly stolidity of the jealous peasant, which serves so much to animate the whole opera. Bertucca, as Zerlina, was indifferent in her acting and singing; and the only one of the whole troupe, manager, leader, and all, who seemed to have understood the music of the composer, was Signorina Patti, as Donna Elvira. She sang correctly, and felt comparatively easy in her part, while the well-worked score of the opera seemed to sit like a straight jacket on all the rest of the performers.

Here an impertinent *roulade* was cut short by the dissonant interval of a clarionet; there a brilliant cadenza came to an untimely end by the unmerciful blast of a red-hot republican trumpet. Wherever the frightened singers turned, abysses and precipices met them, and it required on the part of the leader all the skilful guidance of a practised muleteer, to preserve a sure footing for those entrusted to his charge.

But we will consider this first performance as a least rehearsal, and give credit at least for the able manner in which the Terzetto of the first act, and the Sestetto of the second act were performed. This deserves the more appro-

bation, since a former attempt of the same composition was so complete a failure.

But to return to the opera. To give an analysis of the different pieces in this opera would be but one continuous panegyric, which we are the less reluctant to omit, since so many abler hands have anticipated us; but there remains one point to explain, which has rarely been touched upon by all the various writers. We refer to the strange mixture of dramatic, melodramatic, and comic effect in this opera.

Hoffman, the German Hoffman is the only one, who, with his well known satire, attempts to throw some light upon it. He says: "I recollect that at a representation of *Don Giovanni* some one complained bitterly, that it was so terribly unnatural to introduce the statue and the devils!—I asked him, smilingly, whether he had not perceived that in the marble man a confoundingly cunning police commissary was hidden, and that the devils were nothing but masked constables, that hell was nothing but a house of correction in which Don Giovanni was imprisoned for his crimes, and I advised him to consider the whole as an allegory. Complacently he snapped his fingers, and laughed and pitied the others, who allowed themselves to be deceived. Ever after, when conversation turned upon the powers which Mozart called from the subterranean regions, he smiled at me most knowingly, and I looked at him in a similar manner. We thought "we know what we know!" and he was right.

There is really something more than caricature in this little anecdote; it approaches but too near the truth, to permit us merely hastily to glance at it. Actors and audience, singers and orchestra, often fall into the same error. This accounts then for the buffoonry *extraordinaire* of some Leporellos, for the vulgarity of some Don Giovannis, for the flippancy of many other artists engaged in this opera, and—for the applause and approbation of the audience at times when nothing but the exaggeration of these comic efforts could give rise to it. The intellectual mind cannot fail to discover in *Don Giovanni* the pendant to Goethe's *Faust*. The two masters agreed to call the mysteries and superstitions of bygone ages to their aid, the better to represent in strong colours the contrasts between vice and virtue, to make the allegory complete at which Hoffman but slightly hinted.

P.S. Since writing the above we have attended the second representation of *Don Giovanni*, and we are delighted to have it in our power to state, that the performance was in every respect superior to that of Tuesday night. All the artists moved with much more freedom, sang more correctly, and acted with more dignity; in short, the whole performance was as good as we could expect at a first representation, for we still insist that the one of Tuesday night was only a last rehearsal. The "Fin ch'han del vino," of Beneventano met with an encore, and was repeated this time without those blunders which marred a previous encore. "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata," was well sung by Signorina Patti. "La ci darem" was correctly sung, but much disturbed by that disagreeable mouthing of Beneventano, which he always introduces when attempting to be sentimental. Forti, as Don Ottavio, pleased us very much. He sang the music in an unpretending style and with much expression. Truffi, as Donna Anna, has improved much since we last saw her, and we do not doubt that with a little careful study she will make that part completely her own. But now one word to Leporello. Is it absolutely necessary that the disgusting buffoonery of that gentleman should intrude upon the audience in even the most sublime passages of the Opera?

The orchestra "*a bien marché*," as our friend of the *Revue du Nouveau Monde* would say.



## MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

(Continued from page 106.)

## Plagiarism the Thirtieth.

*The quick ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
Came like a spirit's o'er the unechoing ground.*

I never yet knew a woman who did not believe she walked  
as lightly and gracefully as a spirit:—

VIRGIL. *Æneid.* (*I feel too lazy to see which book.*)  
Illa per intactas segetes vel summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras curtu læsisset aristas.

The same notion is propounded in "*Wit Restored in several  
Select Pieces*," an old work re-published in 1817, by Long-  
man, and plundered fiercely by this *short-man*.

Oh! lull me, lull me, charming ay,  
My senses rockt with wonder sweet,  
Like snow on wool thy feelings are  
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-first.

*Vases filled with Kishmee's golden wine  
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine.*

Our little friend did never think that I would have hunted  
after him in the mazes of

COWLEY. *Sylva, or divers copies of verses.*  
Et risum vitis lacryma rubra move.

But he was not born to elude me.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-second.

*Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
As hooded falcons, through the universe  
I'll sweep my darkening desolating way,  
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey,*

I am not surprised that a bird of prey, like our Tommy,  
should clutch in his claw this simile of the hawk. It is quite  
a common one. Not only men, but even swords have been  
compared to falcons; and Byron thought he achieved a won-  
derful miracle when he bawled out—

*And fast and falcon-like our vessel flew.*  
SHAKESPEARE.

He shakes aloft his Romsine blade  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies.

MASSINGER. *The Bashful Lover*, act iii. sc. 2.  
See with what winged speed they climb the hill  
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey.

YOUNG. *Night Thoughts*, vi. 325.  
Pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,  
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.

In the Eastern history of Nader Shah, chap. ii. (Sir W. Jones,  
vol. v. page 29,) we find that warrior compared to a falcon.—

*Il ressembloit à un faucon qui met en pieces ses ennemis avec les serres  
sanguinaires du courage.*

## Plagiarism the Thirty-third.

*Ye, too, believers of incredible creeds,  
Whose faith inshrines the monsters which it breeds;  
Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think to rise  
By nonsense heaped on nonsense to the skies.*

This is but a lame imitation of the blasphemies of my Lord  
Byron, and reminds one of the mimeries of Falstaff's page.  
The figure and speech about Babel is a very old one.

LORD BROOKE.—*Mustapha. Chorus Quartus.*  
Whence man from goodness stray'd  
And wisdom's innocence,  
Yea, subject made to grave and hell  
By error's impotence,  
Labouring with shadowed light  
Of imbecillitie  
To raise more towers of Babel up  
More the truth to be.

POPE.—*Epistle IV. On Man.*

Oh, sons of earth attempt ye still to rise  
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?  
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys  
And buries maddened in the heaps they raise.

BYRON.—*Childe Harold. Canto iii., st. cv.*  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was Titan-like on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder.

## Plagiarism the Thirty-fourth.

*Nay, shrunk not, pretty sage, 'tis not for thee  
To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.  
The steel must pass through fire ere it can yield  
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.*

How interesting to manufacturers is the discovery con-  
tained in the two last lines; and how appropriately is it whis-  
pered to a young lady who "never meddled with hot iron,"  
as Hudibras says. The notion is, however, purloined as usual  
from—

PETER PINDAR.

*To bend a piece of iron to our will  
You always make the iron hot,  
But then it asks but little force or skill,  
It's sturdiness is quite forgot.*

There is something very like it also in—

BYRON.—*The Giaour.*

*The rugged metal of the mine  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace flame  
It bends and melts though still the same,  
Then temper'd to thy want or will  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill—  
A breast plate for thine hour of need  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed.*

## Plagiarism the Thirty-fifth.

*Aronya's cheeks, warm as a spring day sun,  
And lips that like the seal of SOLOMON  
Have magic.*

Oh! Thomas! Thomas! Thomas! Into what dark bourne  
had thy gallantry fled, when penning this most base compari-  
son? It is true, that thou hast stolen the thought from an  
Oriental poet, as is attested by—

SIR W. JONES.—*As. Poes. Com.*, vol. ii., 445.

Fuit autem puella, gratia pulchritudine, venustate, perfectione prædita;  
egregiam habens et equam staturam, oculos vero nigros somni plenos,  
fascino Babylonio imbutos, et superciliis tanquam arcus vibrantes sagittas  
aspectum letale, nasum ensis mucroni similem, os verò Solomonis  
sigillo.

But the said poet was assuredly a wag of the first brilliancy  
Misled by him, thou hast compared the lips of a handsome  
girl (which are in my humble opinion, the portals of Paradise),  
to the seal of Solomon. And what will the ladies say, when  
they learn to what base uses this very seal was applied?  
Josephus relates an instance of its being used to *pull a devil  
through the nostrils of a man possessed*. And to this filthy talis-  
man thou hast likened the mouth of a sweet, laughing, kissing,  
blushing, tempting Eastern damsel. Shame, I say; shame,  
Thomas Moore.

To avoid all cavil and to save some trouble, I transcribe  
the original passage from the Jewish historian, with old Sir  
Roger L'Estrange's quaint and clear translation for the benefit  
of the girls.

JOSEPHUS.—*Antiquit. Judaic.* lib. viii., chap. 2.

Ιστορία γὰρ τινὰ Ελεάζαρον των ομοφύλων Ουεσπασιανου παροντος, και των νιων αυτου και χιλιάρχων, και αλλου στρατιωτικου πληθους τους υπο των δαιμονιων λαμβανοντους απολυσιντα τουναν. Ο δε της θεραπειας τροπος τοιουτος ην. προσφερων ταις ρισι του δαιμονι ζομενου τον δακτυλιον εχοντα υπο τη σφραγιδι ριζας εξ ων υπειδείξε Σολομων, επείτα εξείλκεν οσφραινομενω δια των μυκτηρων το δαιμονιον, και πεσοντος ευθως του

ανθρώπου μηκέτ' εἰς αὐτὸν ἐπαλθεῖν ὠρεῖται, Σολομῶνος τε μεμνημένος, καὶ τὰς ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἀσπασθῆναι ἐκεῖνος ἐπιδείκνυται. I saw one Eleazar, a countryman of mine, dispossessing of people, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, officers, and soldiers, and his way was this: He applied a ring to the nostrils of the person possessed, with a piece of a rock conveyed under the seal of it, being a secret of Solomon's. The Demoniac did but smell to't, and the Devil was drawn out by the nose. The spirit threw the man down; but Eleazar adjured it never to trouble him any more, making frequent mention of Solomon's name in the time of the operation, and reciting charms and incantations of his invention.—Fol. 1702, page 220.

### Plagiarism the Thirty Sixth.

*Through whom all beauties beams concentrated pass,  
Dazzling and warm as through Love's burning glass.*

I often pity the ladies when they fall into the meshes of such rhymers as Tom. Here we have the poor dears compared to burning glasses, as hot and as destructive as those with which Archimedes burned the Roman ships. But the thought is a grey-haired one.

THOMAS STERER.—*The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, 1590.*

*As on a burning glass, or little space,  
Dispersed sunbeams oft united are;  
And in one point beams infinite appear,  
Innumerable rays dissected farre,  
From th' oblique circle, that glorious starre;  
So like that instrument I now begun  
To unite the favours of our earthly sun.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Wondering long, how I could harmless see,  
Men gazing on those beams that fired me;  
At last I found it was the crystall love  
Before my heart that did the heat improve,  
Which by contracting of these scatter'd rays  
Into itself did so produce my blaze.

SHIRLEY.—*The Maid's Revenge, Act iii. iv.*

Now you appear all nobleness, but collect,  
Draw up your passions to a narrow point  
Of vengeance like a burning glass that fires  
Surest i' the smallest beam.

COWLEY.—*David's Book, iii.*

Merab appear'd like some fair princely tower,  
Michael some virgin Queen's delicious bower;  
All beauty's stores in little and in great,  
But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.

YALDEN.—*The Insect.*

In a small space the more perfection's shown,  
And what is exquisite in little's done;  
Thus beams contracted in a narrow glass  
To flames convert their longer useless rays.

### Plagiarism the Thirty-seventh.

*Whose gentle lips persuade without a word.*

Pretty lips do in sooth persuade us to we know not what.  
But it was a lady first noted the fact.

MRS. TIGHE.—*Psyche, Canto ii.*

These lips divine that even in silence knew  
The heart to touch.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct an error which Mr. Monk has allowed to creep into his prefatory remarks to "The Anglican Chant Book" reviewed in your number for the 6th instant.

Mr. Monk writes, that the Gregorian Chants were banished from the English Cathedrals soon after the Restoration, and in another place remarks that the olden mode of singing the Psalter did not long survive the attempt to maintain it.

The evidence that the olden chants were used from 1549 to 1740 is beyond all controversy; every printed Cathedral use has them

up to 1780 and no others. Dr. Nichols, the learned commentator on the Prayer Book, says of the chants in use in his day:—"The common tunes which are at this day in use are said to be composed (or at least settled) by Gregory the Great." Bishop Wetenhall adds his authority, thus:—"In our vulgar Quires there are two kinds of singing, the Gregorian or Common Chants, and that more curious kind of counterpoint music in which our Services and Antiphons are composed."

I presume that you are aware that the Gregorian Chants to the responses, versicles, and suffrages, are sung at this day in every Cathedral in England. The Chants ascribed to Tallis, Byrde, and Farrant, are forgeries, as are those ascribed to Handel, Haydn, and Spohr. Dr. Child's Chants are harmonized Gregorians.

The Gregorian music is not dead. It cannot die, unless Bach dies—unless Handel and Mendelssohn die. You have printed Forkel's life of Bach, pray reprint the page respecting Bach's use of the olden modes. I can send you pages of Handel and his use of the Gregorian. The hymn for *Corpus Christi* is not dead yet, unless Mendelssohn and the Exeter Hall choir have killed it in the *Lauda Sion*. The "O sol salutis" is not dead yet, unless Mendelssohn, Mr. Costa, and the men of Exeter Hall have killed it in the *Athalie*. The fifth Tone is not dead yet, unless Handel's *Coronation Anthem* be dead, and the opening of the overture to *Athalie* be dead also, and the "Sleepers awake," in the St. Paul, be so. Look into Mendelssohn's Psalms (the 2nd and 22nd), and you will find some life yet in these noble strains.

The truth is, the Gregorian Chants are the foundation of all melody, as the Gregorian or Church modes are the foundation of all form and structure. I recommend Mr. Monk to study the first movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, wherein he may find what the Church modes taught Mendelssohn. After which he may look at the Duet in A minor, in the *Elijah*, written upon the music to the "Sursum corda," the oldest Christian music extant, and he will then, perhaps, have lived long enough to write another preface, and edit another Psalter Chant Book.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

3, Newman Street, February 20, 1850.

### A BATING FOR OURSELVES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—What interest can the majority of your subscribers take in the numerous quotations you give, in order to prove that Moore was a plagiarist. I believe it is scarcely possible for a writer on any subject not to fall into the same train of thinking, and adopt the same images and expressions which have been already used by other writers on the same subject. Why, you who condemn the practice are yourself the chief of plagiarists! How often have you stolen the language of others, and even repeated the very expressions you have used a hundred times on similar occasions; but to the purpose. The *Musical World* being professedly a record of music, we have a right to expect fair and impartial notices of the Concerts which from time to time take place in the Metropolis. This, however, is not the case. In your last number, the first concert given by the British Musicians is passed over in the following cursory manner:—"The Society of British Musicians rose from its sleep on Saturday evening week, and commenced a series of chamber concerts in the old style but in a new room;" but not a word is said in reference to the manner in which the music was rendered. Surely such artists as Locket, Kate Loder, Blagrove, Lazarus, Nicholson, &c., are not altogether undeserving notice.

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

[Having an abstract reverence for copy, we accept the strictures of our correspondent with many thanks, and publish them eagerly.—ED.]

### HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR. EDITOR,—You would extremely oblige by informing me in your next publication, whose arrangement is the best I can procure

of Haydn's symphonies, arranged as pianoforte duets, with orchestral accompaniments for two violins, a flute, two tenors, a violoncello, and double bass. A CONSTANT READER, ÆSCULAPIUS.

Crediton, Feb. 12th, 1850.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Could you inform me, through the medium of the *Musical World*, the names of the singers engaged each season at Her Majesty's Theatre, from the year 1839 to the year 1846 (inclusive). Should your time be too valuably occupied, perhaps, at your request, some of your numerous readers would be kind enough to give the above information.—I remain, Sir, yours, &c., A. B.

18th Feb., 1850.

#### REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"Peace to Thee;" *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Beneath thy Casement;" *Serenade*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"No form but thine;" *Canzonet*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by HENRY LUNN.

"Gay Lark;" *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Adieu, ye Woods;" *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.

"Let us be Joyous;" *Ballad*. Words by WALLBRIDGE LUNN; Music by JOHN ASHMORE.—ADDISON and Co.

THE above six songs were sung in Mr. Arthur Wallbridge Lunn's "Literary and Musical Evening," given at Blagrove's Rooms, about a fortnight since, and noticed by us at the time. The very favourable impression which these songs then made upon us has been more than confirmed by subsequent examination. They are all distinguished by a melodious flow which must render them general favourites.

"Peace to Thee" is a pure melody—simple, but full of meaning. It is a ballad which we can imagine Miss Dolby singing, and charming her hearers with.

"No Form but thine" is a *canzonet*, somewhat formed upon the model of Haydn's, and characterised by a musician-like treatment throughout. The second part, in E minor, breaks the *legato* melody happily, and the return to the original subject is contrived with artistic skill. The pianoforte part requires a delicate touch; and, indeed, much of the effect of the composition depends upon the refinement with which it is treated, both by vocalist and pianist.

"Beneath thy Casement" is a serenade, melodious, and cleverly accompanied. The modulation into D minor is unexpected, and the *staccato* quavers at the conclusion to the word "awake!" would be heightened if scored for an orchestra. We should be pleased to hear this serenade in a concert-room, with orchestral accompaniments.

"Gay Lark" is a ballad with a catching melody; although addressed to a bird, it has none of the clap-trap in the accompaniment so often found in songs of this class. A *soprano* voice would make this song most effective, and we can recommend it to amateurs who do not rest their claim to attention upon mere display.

"Adieu, ye Woods" is a pleasing *cantabile* melody, in which pathos is attained by simple means. In the second part, the flowing accompaniment is effective.

"Let us be joyous" is a sparkling melody in waltz time, in which the world's cares are defied, and implicit reliance placed on the faith of some fair one unknown. This song was encoored on the evening of performance; and we have no doubt that a similar honour will await it in most concert rooms. It is something in the style of "Vadasi via pi qua," which has so often sent away audiences in a state of exhilaration.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* was given last night, for the first time this season.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio of *Deborah* was performed on Monday night.

MR. LUMLEY is expected in town to day. His first concert in Paris has been highly successful.

MR. LUCAS will shortly renew his annual series of musical evenings, for classical chamber compositions.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The rehearsal of the first concert took place last night at the Hanover Square Rooms. The concert will come off on Monday evening.

A COOL SOPHISM.—The Temperance Members of the Admiralty pretend that the crews of the New Arctic Expedition ought, above all others, to be deprived of the hitherto usual allowance of grog, as they are sure to have lots of "cold without."—*Pasquin*.

MADLLE. VERA is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera to replace Madlle. Corbari.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—This gifted singer is turning the heads of the Mexicans, and in several cities she has been crowned on the stage with wreaths ornamented with ounces of gold. We learn with pleasure that she will, with her director, Mr. Bochsa, pay us a visit this month.—*Boston Museum*.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN's benefit is announced for the 11th of March, under the distinguished patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The talented artists will appear, for the first time in London, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Mr. Charles Kean playing Benedict, and Mrs. Charles Kean Beatrice.

NO WONDER.—We understand Mr. Keeley has given deep offence to Lord Roden by his performance of *Orange Moll*, in Jerrold's comedy of *Nell Gwynne*. His lordship considers any allusions to an old woman in the orange line—personal.—*Pasquin*.

HER MAJESTY, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, attended the performance at Drury Lane on Saturday evening. The entertainment consisted of *The Spoiled Child*, the pantomime *Harlequin Queen Bess*, and *Charles XII*.

HER MAJESTY and Prince Albert honoured the performances at the Haymarket on Tuesday evening.

PASQUIN.—We are pleased to see our sharp and merry friend, *Pasquin*, restored to life again, with much better health and spirits than he enjoyed before his recent demise. Our present contemporary did not die outright; he merely fell into a slumber, from which being awakened, he is now brisk and full of blood. In short, *Pasquin* appears other than his former self—though his former self was sufficiently pleasant, and merits the support of all true lovers of wit and humour, satire and small talk—squibs and caricatures. The fifth number, just come out, is heavy with good jokes, genuine fun, and pure drollery. The illustrations, by Kenny Meadows, are worthy of Kenny Meadows.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The Queen and his Royal Highness Prince Albert honoured the French Plays with their presence on Monday evening. The Royal suite consisted of the Countess of Mount Edgcombe, the Hon. Miss Stanley, the Marquis of Ormond, Colonel Buckley, and Colonel Gordon.

SONTAG AT PARIS.—(From the Times Correspondent).—The concert of Madame Sontag, given last night (Tuesday) at the Conservatoire, may almost be reckoned a political event, from the mixture of parties and the really splendid assemblage of high personages who congregated on the occasion. The little theatre, in former days an appurtenance of the Crown, was crowded to excess, every box containing some *célébrités* of the present, but far more of the past régime, the noble Faubourg St. Germain contributing its full quota. I was informed by a French gentleman that he had seldom or never seen so many of the old nobility in public during the eighteen years of the reign of Louis Philippe. The President of the Republic was not present, being detained by unexpected public business, but his box was occupied by the Princess Mathilde and a party.

LEICESTER.—The last of the Monthly Subscription Concerts was given on Tuesday evening last, with complete success. It will readily be believed that, as no periodical concerts have been given in Leicester for the last sixteen years, numerous difficulties must have arisen during this series, which, however, have all been over-



come by the spirited exertions and judicious management of the projectors. Tuesday evening's programme was, perhaps, the best that has been presented, the chief exponents being Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Leffler (both of whom made their first appearance in Leicester), Mr. Nicholson (flautist), Miss Wykes, and Master Weston. Mrs. Sunderland was encored in two of her songs, viz. Spörle's "Wishing Gate" and Bishop's "Echo Song," the flute obligato in the latter being finely played by Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Leffler was in capital voice, and sang "Non più andrai" and "The Lads of the Village." Mr. Nicholson performed a new solo (written by himself) upon Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute, in which he displayed a mastery over all the difficulties of his instrument, united to a very full, pure tone: the solo was loudly encored. Benedict and De Beriot's duet for piano and violin, on themes from *Sonnambula*, was effectively rendered by Miss Wykes and Master Weston; their performance took the audience by surprise. Our meed of praise is due to Mr. H. Gill and the orchestra who acquitted themselves in excellent style.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, honoured this theatre with their presence on Thursday evening, to witness *He Would Be An Actor* and *The Island of Jewels*.

MISS MURRELL gave a concert at St. Martin's Hall on Tuesday week last, in which she was assisted by several vocalists. Miss Murrell is a pupil of Mrs. John Roe. Mr. John Roe conducted.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—Verdi, as well as Halévy, is writing music to a *libretto* founded on Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

BATH HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third Ladies' Concert took place on Friday week evening, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable company. The Marquis of Thomond presided. We cannot but express our opinion that the last concert was not so satisfactory as many of its predecessors; nor can we understand what particular charm there is in pianoforte fantasias to induce the managers to place two on the programme of one evening. Of the two fantasias played on Friday evening, we preferred that of M. Jaques; one reason for our preference being, that the band took part in it. In itself, also, it was a highly satisfactory performance. Mr. George Field ably performed a solo in the second part, and was rewarded by an encore. The sextetto in the second act, "Stay, prithee, stay," was effectively sung by Miss Stanley, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. W. Pyne, and Messrs. G. Temple, E. Lansdown, and Thomas. Mrs. K. Pyne, in the "Savourneen d'elish," obtained an unanimous encore. Miss Stanley, in the trio from the *Barber of Seville*, acquitted herself well for so youthful an artiste. We might also speak in laudatory terms of Miss Gilbert, Messrs. Rogers, and Mr. B. Taylor, in the pretty trio by Balfe, "Thro' the world." Miss Gilbert's tones are sweet, but too weak as yet for so large a room. The madrigals were, as usual, most effectively sung.

BATH.—CLASSICAL QUARTET CONCERTS.—The first of a series of concerts, having for their object the reproduction of the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and Mozart, but more especially their instrumental quartets, was given at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday morning; Mons. Jaques being the *entrepreneur*. The enterprise was a test of the feeling of our musical circles; but, nevertheless, it was attended with a marked success, the room being crowded with the *élite* of our city and neighbourhood. The programme had been culled entirely from Beethoven's masterpieces. Two of his quartets had been selected—that in A, No. 5, Op. 18, and another in F, No. 1, Op. 18. The interpreters were Mons. de Kontski, first violin; Mons. Jaques, second violin; Herr Rahles, tenor; and Herr Hausmann, violoncello. Agreeably interspersed with the instrumental performances, were a few vocal pieces. The most striking of these was the scena and aria, "Ah! perfido," which was sung by Miss Ley, with feeling and effect. The pathetic musical declamation, entitled "Repentance," was rendered by Mr. Millar in a style which merited the applause he received. Between the parts, M. de Kontski played one of his solos for the violin—a performance abounding with the most startling difficulties. It will be seen by advertisement, that the second concert is fixed for Saturday morning next.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

LIVERPOOL.—The Societa Armonica gave their third dress concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George-street, on the 15th instant, to a full and fashionable audience.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. D. (Athenæum Club).—*The Royal Italian Opera will open, we believe, before Easter week.*

Q.—*Certainly.*

J. STERLING (Middle Temple).—*Perhaps not.*

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—*Our City Correspondent was engaged elsewhere. We cannot afford to pay half-a-dozen contributors, to notice concerts that are never advertized in our columns, and have no general interest or artistic importance.*

AN AMATEUR.—*Perhaps.*

INQUIRER.—*H. B. Richards, not H. R. Richards.*

X. Y. Z.—*Certainly not.*

EPIGRAMMATICUS.—*Mr. Morris Barnett, beyond question.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

"LET US BE JOYOUS;" "PEACE TO THEE;"  
"BENEATH THY CASEMENT;" "GAY LARK;" "ADIEU, YE WOODS;"  
"NO FORM BUT THINE."

The six highly successful songs, price 2s. each, composed by HENRY LUNN, and JOHN ASHMORE, and sung in WALLERIDGE LUNN's "Literary and Musical Evening."

ADDISON, AND CO., 210, Regent Street.

"We were especially pleased with 'Beneath thy casement,' and 'Let us be joyous,' which last was loudly encored."—*Daily News*.

## TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.

A COMPLETE REFORM IN THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC.

Just published, in a handsome royal 8vo. volume, price 24s., dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. Prince Albert,

THE GENEUPHONIC GRAMMAR  
OF HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, & MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

PRECEDED BY THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

By the aid of this Work alone, any one may acquire a thorough knowledge of Music, from the simplest elements to the capability of composing a Pianoforte Accompaniment, or a Score for a full orchestra, in a less number of months than years have hitherto been required. The Geneuphonic System has been approved by the immortal Rossini, Carmicer, Mercadante, Dr. Busby, and by all the great Composers to whom it was communicated. It is to the Musical Student what the railroad is to the Traveller, with this difference, that the casualties that may happen to the one cannot possibly occur to the other.

The GENEUPHONIC GRAMMAR may be had at Messrs. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row; Jeffs, Burlington Arcade; B. Cocks, New Burlington Street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., and all the principal Music Sellers in the Kingdom.

## NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

By J. B. CRAMER, G. A. OSBORNE, AND W. KUHE.

"Rondino à la Polka," by J. B. Cramer; "Souvenir de Beauchamps," and "La Tenezza," by G. A. Osborne; and "Reminiscence of Jetty Treks on the air 'Io te voglio,'" by W. Kuhe.

London: R. MILLS, Music-seller and Publisher,  
140, New Bond Street.

—Just Published.

## "GALOP DES PAPILLONS;"

## "GALOP BRILLANT;"

Pour le Pianoforte; by HARRY LEE CARTER, ESQ.,

Author of Valse "La Douce Pensée;" "The Royal Fusilier Polka;" Fantasia on "The Sprig of Shillelagh," for the Flute, etc., etc.

CRAMER, BEALE, AND CO., 201, REGENT STREET.

## ROMAN VIOLIN &amp; VIOLONCELLO STRINGS.

J. HART, 14, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London, begs to inform the Amateurs and Professors of the above Instruments, that he has just received an Importation of Roman Violin and Violoncello Strings, of the finest quality; where also may be had Stewart's celebrated Registered Violin and Tenor Holder. Likewise may be seen the largest collection of Cremona Violins and Violoncellos in England. Instruments Bought or Exchanged, and Repaired in the best manner.

J. HART, 14, Princes Street, Leicester Square, London.  
One Door from Gerrard Street.

## CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

**THE following Works of eminent Composers are strongly recommended to all Students desirous of becoming acquainted with the best specimens of Classical Pianoforte Music:—**

**MOZART**—An entire new and correct edition of the Pianoforte Works (with and without accompaniments) of this celebrated Composer; dedicated, by express permission, to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Edited by CIPRIANI POTTER. 9 vols., and may be had singly, Nos. 1 to 74.

**BENNETT** (William Sterndale).

*Pianoforte without Accompaniments.*

	s.	d.
Capriccio, in D minor, Op. 2 . . . . .	2	6
Six Studies in the form of Capriccios . . . . .	6	0
Three Musical Sketches, Op. 10, entitled "The Lake, the Mill Stream, and the Fountain" . . . . .	3	0
Three Improptus . . . . .	3	0
Three Romances . . . . .	5	0
Allegro Grazioso, Op. 18 . . . . .	2	6
Genevieve Romance . . . . .	2	0
Suite de Pieces, Op. 24, calculated for advanced performers, dedicated to Mrs. Anderson . . . . .	6	0
Rondo Piacetole, Op. 25 . . . . .	3	0
Introduzione e Pastorale, No. 1, Op. 28 . . . . .	2	0

## Chamber Music.

Sestett (in F sharp minor) for Pianoforte, Two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, as performed by the Author, and by Mr. Robert Barnett . . . . .	15	0
Chamber Trio (in A major), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Op. 26 . . . . .	8	0

**BARNETT** (Robert).—Rondo, Grazioso. Dedicated to Lady Margaret Compton, 3s.

Introduction and Variations on Forde's Madrigal, "Since first I saw your face," 2s. 6d.

*First Series.—Useful Practice.—Edited by R. BARNETT.*

1 Steibelt's Sonata in A, Op. 50 . . . . .	2	6
2 Beethoven's Sonata, in G, Op. 49 . . . . .	2	6
3 Haydn's Rondo, in C . . . . .	2	6
4 J. N. Hummel's Romance and Rondo, in G . . . . .	2	6
5 Steibelt's Sonata, in G . . . . .	2	6
6 Clementi's Sonata, in F, Op. 32 . . . . .	2	6
7 Dussek's Rondo, "Rule Britannia," in G . . . . .	2	6
8 Kalkbrenner's Rondo, in C . . . . .	2	6
9 Dussek's Rondo, in E flat . . . . .	2	6
10 Clementi's Rondo, in C, Op. 21 . . . . .	2	6
11 Wolff's Rondo, in C . . . . .	2	6
12 Dussek's Air, with Variations, in C . . . . .	2	6
13 Sterkel's Andante, in E flat . . . . .	2	6
14 Haydn's Rondo, from Op. 17, in G . . . . .	2	6
15 Beethoven's Rondo, in C . . . . .	2	6
16 Mozart's Three Waltzes . . . . .	2	0

(To be continued.)

A THEMATIQUE CATALOGUE OF THE ABOVE MAY BE HAD.

**C. COVENTRY**, at his Pianoforte Warehouses, 71, Dean Street, Soho Square; where his COTTAGE PIANOFORTES may be seen, which, for brilliancy of tone, combined with the utmost delicacy and durability of touch, are unrivalled.

## NEW SONGS,

**JUST PUBLISHED, by SCHOTT and Co., 89, St. James's Street:—**

Alfred Piatti, "Tell me Maiden," with pianoforte and violoncello obbligato, 2s. 6d.

Charles Oberthur, "Fanny's Song," poetry by Chas. Rowcroft, Esq., 1s.

"The Sailor's Invitation," 1s. 6d.

"The Moon is up," barcarolle, 1s. 6d.

"The Evil Eye," ballad by Mrs. Elde Darby, 3s.

J. A. Owen, "O'er Desert Plains," canzonette, 2s. 6d.

"The Farewell," poetry by Byron, 2s.

H. Esser, "My Angel, a Pearl I boast is mine," translated by Mrs. Elde Darby, 1s. 6d.

L. Van Beethoven, "Adelaide," by Mathisson; "Lonely wanders thy Friend," a new translation, by ditto, 2s.

## MR. CREVELLI

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public that his Work on

## THE ART OF SINGING,

Adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, may be had at his Residence,

**71, UPPER NORTON STREET;**

And at all the principal Musicsellers.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

**THE PATRONS and FRIENDS of this CHARITY are respectfully informed that the 112th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be held in the Freemason's Hall, on FRIDAY, March 15th. Particulars will be duly announced. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in the Chair.**

Tickets One Guinea each.

## EXETER HALL.

## WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

**THE SECOND CONCERT of the SPRING SERIES will be held on WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY the 27th, when SIMS REEVES, ERNST, and other Artists of Eminence will appear. Full particulars will be duly announced.**

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, No. 4, in Exeter Hall, and of all Musicsellers. Terms of Subscription for the Series of Fifteen Concerts:—Reserved Seats, Two Guineas Stalls, Three Guineas.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

## MR. BUNN ON THE STAGE!!

**MR. BUNN will have the honor of delivering A LITERARY and DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE, at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, on Tuesday Evening, Feb. 26th, and every subsequent Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening. Scene.—The Author's Study.**

## PART I.

Introduction.—The stage, from its earliest times—Its first establishment in this country—Its earliest Authors—Birth of Shakspeare—Conflicting Opinions respecting him—His Commentators—The Representatives of his Works—Their various Readings—The Genius and Career of Shakspeare.

Pictorial Illustrations.—1. Exterior of Shakspeare's Birthplace—2. Interior of the same—3. Ann Hathaway's Cottage—4. The Blackfriars Theatre—5. The Globe Theatre—6. Shakspeare's last Residence—7. Church of Stratford on-Avon—8. Shakspeare's Monument.

## PART II.

The Interdiction of Stage Entertainments—Its Removal—Supporters and Opponents of the Stage—One Hundred Years of "Old Drury"—Its Rise and Progress—Garriok, Sheridan, Doctor Johnson, and Lord Byron—Different Schools of different Periods—Vicissitudes of Taste—Duties of a Manager—Requisites for a Performer—Difficulties of an Author—The Hopes of the Stage.

To commence at Eight o'clock. Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven. The Free List of the Theatre does not extend to this Entertainment, the public press excepted.

Prices of Admission:—Orchestra stalls, 7s.; boxes, 4s.; pit and amphitheatre, 2s., which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

## FRENCH PLAYS AND OPERA COMIQUE.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

**LAST PERFORMANCE of the Popular Opera of LE POSTILLON DE LONJUMEAU, and last week of Mons. CHOLLET's Engagement.**

Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that the performance of French Plays will be continued at this Theatre on MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY the 25th, 1850, when the Performances will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, with, Third Time in this country, the celebrated Opera of

## LE POSTILLON DE LONJUMEAU.

Chapelou, M. CHOLLET; Madeleine, Mlle. GUICHARD.

To conclude with the amusing Farce of

## UN TIGRE DE BENGALE.

Boxes, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre, 2s.

Boxes, Stalls, Tickets, and Season Prospectuses may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily from 11 till 5 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, February 27, positively for the Last Time, HEROLD's popular Opera of "ZAMPA." Zampa, by Mons. CHOLLET, being the Last Night but One of his Appearance; Camille, Mlle. CHARTON.

FRIDAY NEXT, March 1, M. CHOLLET's Last Appearance.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkes, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, February 23rd, 1850.